

Ancient Ceremony "Amidst Crimson Stars"

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Silently the Moon fulfills Her Move
Amidst lovely crimson Stars
He (She) who has Wilt will reach the Gate
Through the Moon, through me, through the proud
Angel

Now Silence ends, lunar Beauty ascends
In charming morbid Glance

The Kiss of Isis, as sweet as Honey
Leads me into a World beyond
In bloody Triumph I found my Wilt
Here I rule as my only God

Glory to Thee who gleams like Jewels
From Alpha to Omega
May none fall who desires
The Sword, the Balance, the Crown!

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